

CAVALCADE ^{2/-} *the*

KNOW YOURSELF

Magazine

FEBRUARY, 1956

- ▶ Think before you marry
- ▶ Telling lies doesn't pay!
- ▶ Control that impulse
- ▶ How to beat embarrassment
- ▶ Are you a nagging wife?

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THINK before you

YOU'VE heard a lot about the marriage "fatality," about how it's postlock whether, but people just happen to put it all together and find a happy married life. Well, it's not a lottery, because, at least, you can have no control over the numbers on the lottery wheel. Your success with a marriage partner depends on your personal attitudes and characteristics.

Whether you are old or young or young, the same applies. Marriage is a strictly personal thing, and all the best-intentioned advice in the world from others is useless without correct application.

All people going freely, unguided or unconspicuously married, expect more from the same desires, fears, and emotions. Even at the last moment, you can feel apprehensive, even panicky, wondering whether you are doing right. The man has probably been "wedged along" by his friends about the dangers of marriage, while the woman reads newspaper advice about divorce actions and both begin to wonder whether they've made a mistake in trying to tread this dangerous path.

After all what exactly do you know about each other? You were strangers only a few months ago, you met, you fell in love. You are still in love, and the pleasure of love makes you feel that it is reason to have any doubts about each other now. At this stage, and so you throw away your thoughts.

But to face up to facts is not necessarily to fall out of love. If that were so, it is better to do it right now than after marriage. It is the fear of wondering that so often leads to divorce. The road to divorce begins before marriage — not afterwards as so many people seem to imagine.

The actual aspect of marriage is particularly important, because, after all, marriage is a mating. If the mating in marriage is harmonious as will be all the other aspects.

By the use of the term "sex life" or sexual sex is its physical and mental (psychological) aspects. You can know everything possible about the physical side of sex in marriage, but this is itself is not

going to guarantee a happy marriage for you.

Sex is a twofold factor, one aspect of it being purely physical, the other purely mental, and yet there is no disappointment at all. If both are healthy, straightforward people they are not going to enjoy the sexual act just as an animal act. Those who do so are unhealthily balanced.

It is vitally important that this point be understood. It doesn't mean that it is wrong for them to enjoy each other; it is perfectly right and proper. But there is a subtle and yet important difference between enjoying each other and merely enjoying a sexual act.

The very fact that they are enjoying each other implies that they are enjoying — i.e., loving — a special person, who has been planned for them by nature. If they want to enjoy the sexual act without distinction of this person, they must just as well do it with anyone else.

That is being blind, but that is one of the secrets of a successful marriage.

So it is essential for both to know that they are marrying the right person. Sexual attraction sets quite aside the heart of marriage; the wrong person, by mistaking the sexual act for the soul and spirit of marriage.

You can see that even the physical side has its mental perception. For, to put it in its very basic terms, sex is the difference between a man and a woman—that is, apart from the physical side, the difference in personality—in outlook, in mental approach. This means that it is vital to find a contrast between your two sexual personalities in order to fit into the marriage pattern and make it successful.

People in love are unconsciously setting off the tune to each other. It is natural enough for both to set out to capture each other as they look their best, go out of their way to behave in the best manner possible, and each is determined to make a good impression on the other.

They see each other for a few hours, several times during a week, and there is no special effort necessary to maintain this dream thing pleasant.

Therefore, it is easy to put each other on a pedestal and believe that they are the best tempered couple in the world.

They have deceived themselves

and each other, with the result that during the early years of their marriage when you have to be with each other all the time, they both receive a shock — they see each other as their worst as well as their best, and find themselves somewhat uneasy and wary with each other.

This is the direct result of getting to know each other. However much you are in love, however long your engagement, you are still really strangers when you first marry. And yet, as strangers, you expect to settle down and live happily ever after.

You may agree upon this, that, and the other, but your personalities have basic and drastic differences, plus the differences as revealed by different upbringings.

If you do not realize this now, you are going to be miserable with each other, you are going to feel you have made a mistake in marrying each other and regret it because you have lost your

"freedom" and the condition is going to steadily worsen because not wanting to hurt each other, you will probably keep all these badness secret and be mighty pretty far even thinking them.

But this condition must rise, and always arise, when a young couple go into marriage blindly. It is by no means a happy happening, right now there are some miserable couples who are bewildered to find that their marriages are going "on the rocks." It is doing nothing of the sort, but because they don't realize what is happening the result will inevitably be "on the rocks."

Before, then, to know that these differences in personality do exist and to understand them now, before marriage, and prevent what is happening the result will inevitably be "on the rocks."

The fact is that you must enjoy your marriage, not just be content with it. And the way to enjoy your marriage is to understand it.

Once understood, this is the secret of happiness in marriage. All attempts to remove the order between the sexes lead to perverse minds apart, from sex perversion, for example, a suspected husband and a demanding wife are perverted. Instead of finding each other, one has become so dominant as to exclude all attempts to establish contact.

That contact is so essential to a happy marriage. The celebrities

CARVALCADE'S
Know Yourself
SECTION

Marry!

Do you really **KNOW** the person you want to marry, or are you closing your eyes to irritabilities and differences in personalities and habits?

By **Bernard L. Gelman**

most of each contact means that two different personalities can so learn to give and take that they both merge, without doing any harm to either.

To come to the protective and passive, the male and female come in marriage. By "protective" is meant protective, not dominantly by "passive," acceptance of protection, not loss of personality.

By giving and taking, there is a special combination of persons—the two happily married couples who enjoy each other's company.

Both learn to accept special and natural roles. The woman must learn to accept this protectiveness in her physical and mental experiences by delighting in her husband's special abilities, which he brings to her alone. She must encourage his desire to protect her, in this way she encourages his feelings of passion, mental and physical, the strongest urge to protect her of his kind because he is getting the best from her.

A husband must learn to accept these things, not as a natural right, but as a point of contact. He must allow his protective instincts full play, even if the most casual sexual intercourse, when the tendency is to be selfish and grasping. If either is selfish sexually, without exploring the other's natural feelings, the needs of his cup will be gone.

Nature plans a thing for each other in both, until this thing, as they get to know each other deeper fully, deepens into love. But this superficial knowledge of each other continues even into the first marriage until they learn harmoniously to merge their personalities—through attempts to meet each other halfway.

If you are the bringer of this partnership, and ignorance of sex and emotions, say to do your husband—don't let the approach you with doubts in his mind, your mind and body frustrating you both through sheer pain. Your husband will feel a fool or a failure without knowing how or why, and you will get up against sexual inertia. Be frank with each other, and you will pass in married bliss.

Marriage is an intimate affair. You cannot give your body and keep your mind and personality completely as it was.

You can find mutual happiness and fulfillment — by seeking to understand what your marriage is going to mean to you.





Telling

a lie. If don't moral motive has gone wrong, exaggeration first and then downright lying frequently follow.

Most people will have heard of Horace Van Manchesters, an eighteenth century German, who made a fine art of telling lies—and got away with them until, eventually, they were exposed. This was an extreme example of a liar and deceiver, as was Louis de Brocroust, a Swiss who, in 1806, secured a promotion by giving and publishing an imaginary account of his time at 25 years among the stars of the Cornish Coast.

Famously in their lying as these two men were, there are Manchesters and de Brocrousts in goodly numbers today.

The magnitude of lying is not very important. The ultimate effect of lying on an otherwise blameless character is the important lesson. You may tell one lie and get away with it. You are immediately tempted to tell more—and keep on telling them until you can start lying about other lies. Successful lying requires an agile brain and an insatiable curiosity.

The author knew a man, highly skilled in his profession, who told good untruths. He always—and honestly as he believed—that he had let played the organ at St. Peter's, Rome, till wrestled with the great Eugene Bonhoeffer, and let swing the ballroom! Every time that we met him he had some new "achievement" to relate. These falsehoods were so palpable and obvious that I didn't take a psychologist to me through them. We just laughed.

One of the world's most outstanding cases of criminal lying was that of Martin Saldanha, born in Bangalore, Southern India, in 1877. Saldanha came of an excellent family, and received a good education at Madras College, where he was captain of the 11th at fifteen.

Martin Saldanha had to leave college owing to misbehavior, and eventually he decided to go to England where he arrived without qualification (being a Jewish subject) in 1895.

Immediately this clever young man of the East studied for the English Bar, and qualified in 1900, which meant that he became a fully fledged barrister.

He got married, but his wife died in 1904, and the widower Saldanha immediately proceeded to seduce his sixteen-year-old niece, by whom he had three illegitimate children, including twins. To cover

You might find that lying successfully is easy—easy until you've found out, that is.

HAVE you ever listened to someone, and applied a hundred per cent concentration on his voice and appearance while he is talking? You haven't? Then try it. When you've had plenty of practice, you should be able to detect a liar—and you'll need to allow very little margin for error!

There is something in the usual behavior of certain apes, something in the way they speak, and something in their eyes, all of which tell you that they are not telling the truth.

Police court magistrates and High Court Judges George Wilson in this line art of detecting liar. Corbett practice tells them when a defendant or witness is lying.

to lead the Court by telling false words. So, if your name comes to appear in a court case, don't try it on, because it won't pay, really.

The late Mr. Frederick Bland, who presided over a London police court longer than any other magistrates, prided himself on being an infallible lie-detector. Nobody absolutely so bold was ever able to put a swill over him.

It isn't always possible to bow the speaker out, and positively prove him to be a liar, but a magistrate or judge's conviction that a person has committed perjury frequently induces a verdict.

Lying can quite easily become

LIES doesn't pay

by SPENCER LEEHING

up this ruse, which Saldaña gave false testimony to the Registrar of Births. This, inevitably, was discovered in due course, and Saldaña was sent to prison for six months in 1930. As a result of this conviction the lie-tellers at the latter fringe deserted him.

Following the serving of a penitentiary sentence on him, Saldaña went skulking behind Chin men, for the sake of getting out of the country. He was an attaché of the Spanish Embassy, and was therefore properly entitled to diplomatic immunity. Thus Saldaña "enjoyed" the right to stay here despite proceedings which had been initiated against him.

Grown suspicious as to the truth of all this were aroused, and police investigations followed which resulted in Saldaña being charged with forgery and perjury. The defendant put up a real and important defense, and very smartly—but not quite—got away with it. He was convicted, and again sent to prison.

Following his release, this man for her perpetrated a whole series of the most repeated tricks, all based upon his facility for perverting the truth. By this time the convinced crowd had almost come to believe in his own lies and misrepresentations. It is a fact that if a person lies long and persistently regarding a certain matter, he does begin to feel himself that what he is saying is true.

Many insane persons harbor delusions which compel them to make untrue statements. They don't know that they are lying. On the contrary, they deluded minds believe that what they are saying is true. "Pathological lying" is a condition fully recognized by the medical profession.

One in this case, heard some years ago, in a London police court, in which a young man was charged with having a girl in a brothel. The girl—about 17—was feeble-minded, and had no intelligent quotient which put her nearly in the imbecile class. But she was fairly good looking, and certainly well developed.

Everything in this case depended upon the girl's evidence, on whether she had told the truth in her allegations.

The author was asked to advise the court on the question of the admissibility of the girl's evidence, the girl being a mental mental defective and under statutory supervision by the local authority.

The answer, according to specified case law, was that the evi-

dence was admissible, but that it must be taken for what it was worth. Its worth could only be ascertained in the course of expert examination and cross-examination. The girl was not insane, or deluded. Her evidence had to be weighed according to her mental life, and having regard to the possibility of her being a pathological liar.

It happened in this case that there was some positive physical evidence, and the woman was committed for trial at The Old Bailey, London, where he was found guilty and sentenced.

So far we have dealt with the abnormal people—those who tell lies, and if necessary commit perjury, for profit, and those who may be termed "pathological liars" because they can't help it. These cases are extraordinary.

But on countless millions—and probably billions—of conscious people, quite ordinary, well-adjusted people have told lies which really did matter.

Frequently the telling of a lie is a measure of self-protection; sometimes it emanates from greed; occasionally it is deliberately intended to deceive and mislead, in circumstances which may be important, if not critical. Whenever it is, it is wrong, fundamentally wrong, and no amount of argument can make black white.

Take two concrete examples. You deliberately tell lies on your Income Tax return. The Income tax authorities believe the admission of the factual circumstances is (a) the desire to save a little more money, or (b) the resentment against the Government and its taxation impost, or (c) sheer cowardice.

In any case you have just done something wrong, and if your conscience bothers you, you will regret the admission of this information. Some representatives of conscience even send the Deputy Commissioner of Taxation what is known as a "conscience money". Your conscience keeps telling you that you could be found out and taken to court.

A man may have an undertaking married life, routine in expectation. He falls deeply in love with another woman and marries her, deliberately telling a lie by not disclosing that he has been previously married. Inevitably the two children up on such a lie, and a storm of agony follows. In other words, lying hurts badly.

Write some people who are married mentally, telling lies is a moral sentence of self-destruction. Go to any party, and listen. It's almost

certain that you will hear someone present prattling on about something—or nothing in particular—not giving a heck for accuracy of statement, but just romancing on like the man who said that he had played the organ at St. Peter's, Rome.

Such persons take a huge delight in their lying. Lies are the selfishness's stomach tricks. Usually these people are harmless, provided you can spot them as selfishnesses, and don't believe a word that they say.

Lastly we come to what are generally—but not clinically—termed "white lies". Here is the exception that proves the rule.

Sometimes doctors are forced to tell what lies to keep the truth from a patient whom they know is going to die in such a case, doctors there are few people who will disagree that the lie is justified.

That, too, can even go for lay men and women. One such case was a young man who had nearly all the disfigurements imaginable. Disfigurement, clove, and tightly set features parents worked on him with suggestions that were full of hope which appealed to the other who slowly drew young man.

The technique of these parents started up a dynamic of vitality in their son just gathered recognition so rapidly that it soon caught up with, and eventually conquered, most of the son's disfigurements.

It was a victory, based on lies. But it worked, and judging by the end results we could say it was justified.

The great world movement of Rotary has a "Four-Way Test" of all business and personal transactions. In this test the first question which a Rotarian must ask himself is "Is it the Truth?" If the answer is in the negative, it is not honest, critically assessed, and should not be maintained but, on the contrary, immediately relinquished.

The truth is that pervasiveness of it can underwrite a business or social structure.

It is admitted that plenty of lies do get away with it for the time being, but not indefinitely. In the time that girl would've called "conscience" can make one sick of as all, have included.

No, lying lies doesn't pay. The false facade created by lying crumbles very rapidly when the liar makes a fatal mistake, owing perhaps to a lapse of memory, and the game is up.

The liar is never trusted again.

Control that impulse!

THINGS are never negative in the human nature which you know you must control and which, from childhood, you are taught to control. The seeds of love of our modern society taken large enough that such impulses are part of your instinctive nature. But even though they are instinctive, society lays down that you should not surrender to them or give them such freedom of movement that they build up to become your master.

One such impulse is toward sadness, which, if uncontrolled and unchecked, may lead to grave consequences. Society, through its laws and statutes, insists that this tendency be held in check, check, for the protection, firstly, of other people, and secondly, the subject himself.

But you're no saint—you're quite normal, commonplace and psychologically balanced, you've never committed a violent crime and probably never will. However, let's try "sadness" with a "know your self" perspective.

We are not concerned with the controlled, uncontrolled action as the violent nature of the crime as he is prone to commit usually keeps him behind bars or under mental treatment. We are more concerned with that tendency to word sadness which is present in your natural makeup and the breakdown of every other normal, healthy person.

Sadness is commonly regarded as an ugly word. Its ugliness stems from the fact that it is associated as the average mind with brutality, extreme weakness and degrading self offenses. But its true meaning is "a desire to inflict pain or suffering" on some other person or persons. These definitions say nothing of brutality or violence, although they do enter into the subject.

Rather, you should consider the simple, psychological aspects of sadness, because in those instances you will see how you can show a sadistic desire to inflict pain or suffering "voluntarily."

The example

You were going about your business, thinking of nothing else, when you encountered a couple you didn't know. They were acting badly.

It had nothing to do with you, but the girl looked a nice type while the man seemed rather nasty. His usual language a man shouldn't use in a woman and you got upset about it. How did you feel about the situation—a rather common one?

You probably felt like slapping him, breaking, pinching, cussing and telling him in several terms to behave properly. Or if you were sufficiently aroused, you'd have wanted to hit him hard—and perhaps keep on hitting him until he learned to do (what you thought) was the right thing.

You had to take a tight grip on your feelings, perhaps it was only touch and go for a moment, and you started walking into an apartment.

Why did you want to hit the man? Because, many times of decent behavior had been offended? Or perhaps because you champion the weak?

And the other time, when you were with a girl who had been giving you the green light. At least her eyes and actions had encouraged you, so you tried for a kiss, and she held you off, in disgust.

Maybe, you noticed her should-ers bare. You wanted to shake her till it hurt, to give her a slap that would teach the lie. Perhaps you told yourself that all she needed was a taste of someone's "teachings."

Let us say that you did do the one extra step in each case—that was the real truth? Probably in the first instance, both parties would tell you it's none of your business, to stop interfering and be on your way or you'd be summoned for assault.

In the second, you'd probably end up with a colder looking A girl—less a nearly companion, but

not when he tries out his strength on her face with a slap.

So, if you're a normal type of person, you think pretty hard before you go that extra step and possibly congratulate yourself later on, on your controlled self control. And so you should! But that doesn't detract from the fact that there was a desire to punish another person, to inflict on them some sort of pain, as a retribution for their (in your eyes) wrongdoing.

Note the qualification "in your eyes", because it is very important. It's important because it shows that perhaps you are inclined to let your emotions run away with you. We must believe that this tendency towards sadness was based upon an impulse that you should learn to keep under control, but it can erupt in a disguised form which you have not been taught to investigate and recognize.

At the same time an impulse can be broadly defined as a guide for emotion like it be good or bad, and therefore, if the impulse you get is strong enough, your emotions may follow so strongly that you lose control of it. You may never have been warned of this latent danger which is essentially part of yourself, and which, if you let it go unchecked, uncontrolled just once, may completely destroy your chance of future happiness.

The "in your eyes" qualification is based up on another important factor. We each of us have been taught, as children, by our environment and the adults who formerly instructed us (parents, school teachers, ministers of religion, etc.) to live our lives according to certain rules of conduct.

The rules of conduct are very much the same whether we belong to a rich or poor class, religious sect, but, as individuals we place on them our own individual interpretation. It follows that what the man next door considers is "typical" conduct or behavior, you might consider to be "abnormal" or vice versa. This difference in interpretation of what constitutes "normal" behavior is what can get you into trouble by having you wide open, in an emotional situation, to the dangers of sadistic tendency.

Go back to our first two blue scenarios for a moment. The arguments the couple were having was none of your business. Yet, as your standards of "good" behavior, the man was doing the wrong thing. Perhaps it was because you took an instant dislike to him that you didn't care whether he was in the right or not (which you couldn't have known)—you just wanted to hit him.

The girl who gave you the green light and then behaved like an iceberg, should be punished, you thought, for the way she behaved. Another man might have trusted her behavior for what it was worth (giving love is just and owed to the game for him, whilst a strictly married man may want to punish her, but for an entirely different reason to yours.

So always remember that in emotional situations you are judging others on your standards of behavior. While in most cases other people would perhaps agree with you, others may consider your behavior absolutely wrong.

The difference between occasional lapses in emotional control and the continued sufferer's behavior is that in the more extreme form, the desire to ignore has completely crowded out the normal contacts.

Kraft-Kling, a leading authority on abnormalities such as and like, studied a large number of these extreme cases and the story that each man told was basically the same:

They had become very depressed and a vital bond seemed to be

pressing around their heads. They found it increasingly difficult to keep their thoughts clear and the depressive condition gradually became worse.

Then, barely aware of what they were doing, they committed a crime. Immediately it was done, their minds were clear, the depression left them, and they were able to resume normal, respectable lives.

Therein lies good advice on one of the danger signals pointing to the desire to hurt. Don't let your self fall into a deep or sustained period of mental depression. If you've had a hard day at your place of work, with everything going wrong, or if you've got worried with domestic life, don't let that get you depressed.

You've heard the familiar story of a husband "losing out" his work worries on his wife and you probably have had worry it in, under the stress of worry or tension, to park an argument over some trivial detail.

It's very easy, in such circumstances, for the latent power of autism to come quickly to the fore. You'll want to punish something or his weakness. Remember, there's only one person who knows exactly how you feel mentally—and that's you.

No, wouldn't it be far better to know yourself, your mental attitudes, well enough so that when you are becoming too worried or feel yourself becoming depressed, you can call a halt? That isn't suggesting that all worries should be disregarded. That would be foolish. If, for instance, a man's business were falling into back-

(Continued on page 48)

How many times have you followed an impulse—and been in trouble? Here's how to control a dangerous type of impulse.

by MARTIN A. KINGSLEY



How to beat Embarrassment

by JAMES J. HERRON

Embarrassment is usually caused by suddenly becoming aware of a personal fault. You can beat it through appreciating the causes.

TO become embarrassed on occasion is perfectly natural. Of course, there is always a reason for this, and the reason may be obvious or be hidden in the conscious part of your mind. But it is no sign of abnormality or of inferiority when this occurs.

If you have an inferiority complex, then you can become embarrassed (self-conscious) almost on any cause, and your life can become miserable because of it. But normal people often become self-conscious at the most unexpected moments, and when that occurs their personality reverts a bit and they wonder whether something is wrong with them.

Embarrassment occurs as the result of a slip of the defense mechanism in the Unconscious. We go, as to speak, "out of gear" for the moment. But, normally, embarrassment passes we slip back into gear and the mechanism works smoothly again.

The Unconscious holds the complex machinery of your personality—not the complete personality, but the basic parts, without which nothing else would work.

It controls the whole evolutionary history of our progress through the ages, having absorbed the knowledge of physical and mental reaction from and through our forefathers, right down to our nearest parents, and then our childhood memories and behavior.

The Unconscious is a great storehouse of memories—not only ours but of our mental and physical history way back through millions of years. Even in the Unconscious, what we store from our childhood is only a small part of what we have already absorbed.

This explanation sometimes makes people dizzy at your being able to do right of themselves. They imagine that they must necessarily have inherited only the primitiveness of our ancestors, be-

having—consciously or unconsciously—that only the Ape Man in the Progress Age and everything that went before, being "inferior," was necessarily evil.

People who think this way—and there are a surprising number of them—always mean that it is useless trying to better oneself, psychologically, because what we are to be has already been laid down from the moment we were born—presumably because of what we have mentally inherited.

If we were to accept this belief as fact, we simply would not make any progress, physically or mentally. That would NOT be normal behavior. We would merely become automatons—robots of our nature, mindlessly, thoughtlessly. The fact remains that we inherit a great deal of good as well as bad. Try to think much a little, and you can see how true this is.

During childhood, practically all experiences are viewed through the Unconscious. The happiest moments contained therein "grow" as childhood experiences and naturally repeat them again in such a way that they are seen as part of the total emotional experience. Then, having been viewed by the Consciousness as an experience, they return into the Unconscious as part of the vast jumble of memories.

The wonder of this process is in our rapidity and the fact that the Unconscious is so absorbent that the process is painless. That is, it is painless to the normal personality. It only becomes painful when a memory is thrust away forcibly, being clamped with force, anger or other emotion, and has to force its way into the Consciousness. It then becomes a repression, ready to erupt painfully when and unconsciously occurs—something like the painful first one.

This is what happens during moments of embarrassment, and, to repeat, it happens to every nor-

mal person, except that normal people clear it out of their system by letting up on it, while abnormal people try to thrust the cause of the embarrassment back into the Unconscious again and won't look at it.

If you understand the mechanism of your own Unconscious, you can make readily understood what happens to make you "self-conscious", even though actually you are nothing of the sort. To become self-conscious is to suddenly see yourself in an awkward situation. It is not the same as being self-conscious, where you only view your personality for its possibilities and court them to the best and the latest.

Self-consciousness implies that you suddenly become conscious of a fault. This is due to the fact that a particular situation "reminded" the Unconscious somehow of something else that happened some time or other—quite possibly not in your own life time at all. You may recall an awkward situation in which you were involved or you may recall a situation met by someone else that you have known or heard about.

In spite of being termed the Unconscious, this mechanism of memory is very sensitive. The "hooker" is always there, to accept the good and the bad impressions and experiences for memory storage. What impressions are available to other stored experiences in the Unconscious are taken in and laid on top of the previous ones. Like you to like, becoming "selfishness".

The connection now between a present embarrassing moment and the Unconscious is simply illustrated.

You meet someone for the first time and are introduced to him. For no reason at all that you can consciously think of, you blush



or become nervous. He is so hot for and so warm that hundreds of others you have met without understanding, and yet he caused a distinct reaction, either good or bad.

You just can't think why this happens, so you excuse your inability by clothing it with "like-like." The explanation you give yourself is that you must be gay, else he must be evil. Or, of course, the other way about, because you are attracted to him, for no conscious reason.

What has really happened in such a case is that the Unconscious "factors" have reacted positively. Somewhere in your Unconscious lies an experience or memory in which, for several reasons or perhaps only one, "something" about the man—note, not really the man himself—has caused a sharp reaction.

This is what always happens in cases of alleged instant repugnance or attraction—love or hate. There is no association the Unconscious recognizes, even though, consciously, you do not.

There are also the more obvious moments of embarrassment—the fairly common one of association with guilt. Someone looks a trifle of a pencil in the office, and you may feel instantly tingled to drop everything and search for it. Associated with this is a definite feeling of guilt for fear you will be named the thief.

This is a direct line with childhood experience or even adult ones, when possessions were so pre-

cious that a man could go berserk if he lost anything of value. (Climax our tendency to present-day sex nervousness).

These, and other embarrassing moments, are natural and should be accepted as such. The abnormal person reacts sensitively because he feels, consciously, that he is being victimized and definitely caught out as the best of other people. The normal person reacts automatically through his Unconscious alone, and may feel quite bewildered that such a reaction has occurred at all.

The main point is to accept the moment purely for what it is. However wonderful the Unconscious seems—and it certainly is perhaps the most wonderful thing about us—we have been provided with several other powerful psychological characteristics.

The Unconscious is powerful, but it is not all-powerful. With all its laboratories and "factors" and complex defense-mechanisms, it can still be controlled through the Conscious.

The Conscious is a more obvious mechanism, but, properly used, it is powerful enough to clamp down on the Unconscious and use it for its own better.

All new experiences have as a general rule greater power than the old ones. The old ones, if painful, can harm us only if we allow them freedom to "flow." As they go into sleep, they can be repressed and kept there. And, in practice, that is what normally happens. Only a present day "like"

experience can turn the key on the cell of an old "like" experience, as happens in embarrassing moments.

But—and this is an important but—they can be consciously used so quickly that the cell is locked almost as quickly as it becomes unlocked. In the first process you do the locking unconsciously, with the second, the lock is conscious. That is the only difference, but that difference gives you control over that vast storehouse.

When you are beginning to feel embarrassed or shy, consciously turn the key by "locking" your mind. Shut the cell away by concentrating entirely on whatever you are doing for the moment. That is what should be done to "close off" embarrassment.

The automatic lock, however, turns both ways—to open or close. Therefore, when the moment is over and you have some leisure, it is a good idea then to deliberately turn the key and find out what caused the embarrassment by keeping still and letting your mind roam at will, the digital course, as it is called in your own language, will be guided into the Conscious.

Knowing it carefully. This is the only true a painful memory can be truly forgotten, it dissolves and no longer exists. Because of this factor, the Unconscious, properly used, can become a good and useful adviser in the Unconscious, and is the only way to stay truly and psychologically healthy.

Are you a Nagging

DO YOU sneeze across, belittle your husband, arrange the way he works, place, revise his shoes, take credit on his performance any sides of the normal functions of love? Do you protest—valiantly—against almost everything he says or does?

If you do then you are risking your marriage, for nagging tends to divorce. An ex-Australian sociologist married up recently "blame a woman that made her own married grave with a series of little digs."

A man is sometimes amazed at the transformation, in a short time, of his blushing bride into a determined woman who expects to, and claims she finds satisfaction, in method of combating his bad, but fortune for how his, his attitude of opposition in her clear advantage, his determination to push his ideas every time he puts them on, or any of hundreds of other projects an intelligent woman would ignore.

"The change may not come for a year or more," said the concerned social girl, if she puts her mind to it, "an American wife said recently, 'she makes the grade in less than a month.'"

Most naggers are horrified at their comparison with the old time shrew. They will defend their constant complaints and criticism as being for their spouse's "own good."

How often have you heard the woman withy while that she is merely "being helpful"? Of course, she will say to her husband, "George says I'm being difficult, maybe because I tell him things he does not want to hear. He doesn't realize that I'm only saying for his own benefit."

Later George will probably run off with some newly bride that whose only asset is a determination to talk more than absolutely necessary, she will say that she could save her nervous system and save her possible unfulfilled desire to help him by correcting his faults, drove him to it.

To be fed fault with another person is only an indirect method of building up yourself. What you are really saying with your criticism is "Look how I do things much better than you. Now, if you'd only be like me, what an improvement would take place."

Nagging has been defined as "criticism by persistent brooding or urgings." A feminist once said, "Nagging is throwing one's own out of it or not giving the tongue free rein."

Marriage is only a class and intimate relationship that the

slightest differences that would be forgotten between friends are magnified.

If the wife will not adjust her self, she will tend to change the husband to her model. He will probably try to avoid the contact by staying out at club or hotel. The final loss is the selfish attitude of both.

Marriage counselors and psychologists recognize that any one of a number of fundamental causes may provide the answer to the question: What makes a woman nag?

The most important and prevalent is sexual maladjustment. Dr. Robert Lindeman, in his book, "A Thousand Marriages: a Medical Study of Sex Adjustment," concludes that "complete unity in marriage depends on sex unity."

Dr. Paul Popenoe in "The Con,ervation of the Family," and Laurence and Mollweid in "What is Wrong with Marriage?" state up similarly that no stable family runs as many marriages as desire of the partners to achieve a sex life that is satisfactory to both.

A woman who whose sex is purely physical, because she does not receive patience and love from her husband to accompany it, frequently develops into a nagger.

She probably does not realize it, but her constant criticism of a minor thing such as a husband's dirty fingernails stems from a desire to get even with him because she is unhappy over the sex side of the marriage.

Take the case of a father army credit young characterizer whose we shall call Vicki. Back in 1942 she was in love with a promising physician who is now a famous heart patient.

Vicki wanted marriage. The answer was postponed with him and he departed overseas. She waited himself by wedding a solid, prosperous builder who had long been an admirer.

The time when her husband provided because the maturity of Vicki's existence. Her wedding hours were spent all devoted to his care. She became a faithful, constant, cheerful and obedient. Her husband was criticized for the dirty clothes he wore, short his work and was not permitted to sit on his own lounge or even smoke weekly because of dropped ash. He was forbidden to bring his partner and employees through the door, for she and they were even more dirty than he was.

Vicki's marks were the result of sexual maladjustment in her marriage. Her husband's advantages were considered "dirty." Their

love-making the thought disgusting and unclean.

To compensate for the unsatisfactory nature of her sex life, she began to ligature the manhood when she really wanted to marry. He was a refined man, a clean man. His husband was an unclean, grubby man.

She attacked him in his obvious weakness. The house cleaning was a means of emphasizing his cleanliness. After ten years, still one day her husband left her.

Another common cause of a nagging wife is what the psychologists call the "inferiority complex." It has been developed by the famous, sloppy doctor and shrewy soul like. A girl overcame an such an unrelieved concept of life almost certainly will get an abrupt let-down when she finds that marriage is not only romance, but housework.

In his book "Feminine Disregard," an American marriage expert E. D. Mowrer declares this to be the cause of many marriages because the "ideal point of discord" where a woman makes the man's more sock-making and cooking and housework, and finding hands in any marital union.

Similarly, an American woman, writing "Letters to Men," writes in his "Letters to Men," "Lovers who have nothing to do but love each other are not really to be envied. Love and nothing else is very soon nothing else. The emotion of love endures only when the lovers have many things together, and not merely each other. Love cannot successfully be isolated from the business of living."

A marriage based on passionate love alone, however, has nothing if that passionate love overcomes. The woman in such circumstances finds that the beautiful attraction that is her masculine romantic one look is shattered. All too often she turns to nagging the man who has failed her by proving not quite the dreamer she believed before marriage.

It has been established by well-known statisticians that about one third of the cases of nagging that lead to the divorce courts are caused by financial difficulties. Some experts, however, are of the opinion that such figures are an over-simplification of the picture.

Although complaints over money may seem the basis of a wife's nagging, actually she may be dissatisfied in other ways and merely using the financial question as a point on which to hang her nagging.

A woman suffering from a feeling of inferiority often combats her nagging to money matters. Her

Wife?

by RETA M. HOGAN

own career failure before marriage may have planted the seeds of inferiority. She tries to bring her husband down to her level by nagging for more money.

Another accepted basis for a woman's nagging is the boredom, the ease, the lack of enough useful work to keep her busy. Many modern housewives. Not so long ago, a woman was far more important in the household and to her husband than she is today. She not only washed and cooked and cleaned. She had to make bread, grow vegetables, raise poultry, spin and weave cloth, make garments, and even prepare household remedies and medicines from herbs and other natural means.

Such pioneer women never stopped to consider whether they were wanted and appreciated. They knew that they were essential to the health, happiness, the very existence of husband and family.

Today, with gadgets and new chain, a woman frequently finds time on her hands. She is no longer secure in the realization that she is needed.

The feeling grows and to cover it up, she blunders with questions and criticisms. A modern psychiatrist has said: "Don't discourage the bridge, the whole, the stable making of some married women. If you took those away and substituted nothing in their place, you'd turn all of them into nagging wives."

Added to, and overlapping, most of the reasons for nagging is the inferiority complex. A wife who is belittled has suffered some place downstage by an older sister or brother.

On marriage the often makes up her mind to make up her husband the same standard notion they used with her. Such a woman may even critic a man in reality who has a number of apparent faults that she can work on.

He may be expected to drink. She makes him because she knows that weakness gives her the opportunity to dominate him. According her newfound strength, she nags him continuously—obviously to improve him and make him change his ways. She makes him change his job, even though he may like his work and be happy there. She makes him forever his peker partner with the boys to join a bridge circle. She forces him to go to symphony concerts when he would prefer to be home listening to a radio crooner.

The arguments against nagging should end here. A wife who is a nag, unsatisfactory "you woman." There is a dividing line between nagging



"A continual dripping on a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike"—they can both wear a man out eventually.

and intelligent discussion about family problems. No woman should kindly agree with her husband if she is convinced that he is making a serious mistake.

A man welcomes his wife as a partner in the business of life. Her ideas, opinions and suggestions should be available before decisions affecting their joint interests are made.

There is a difference between constructive advice and destructive nagging. If a husband forgets an anniversary, has an accident with the car, or is late home because the boss detained him to have a drink on the way, there is little sense in the wife blaming him about it. It is done and nagging will not correct it.

A man can't help his hold hand, his dirty hands or his nose. There are habits and habits, however, about which a man may be wrong, but which, if corrected, may retard him both in business and social life.

A wife who should learn how to let her husband know about these things tactfully. It is best that he sleep peacefully, his hand or peeking his head in public or indulging in ever-long bedtime stories.

But let her save the pain when she points out the fault. "You're so wonderful, darling," she might say. "You wake me placed when we go out. But there's just one thing, dear, I'd like to suggest if you don't mind."

That may sound pushy and overbearing, but there's not a man in a thousand who would think as it told it by his wife as she bends down to kiss him as he sits in his chair.

At home, when you are alone is the only place to offer any criticism, no matter how helpful or constructive. Do not do it in public. It hurts his pride. Ang has been known to be driven to think of him as a self-centered, materialist lord in his own house.

Most marriage problems would be solved if the parties gave more attention to mutual consideration for each other. People are human who take themselves as they are. Marriages are happier when both husband and wife sincerely try to accept each other—for better or for worse.

Women who realize that are in the majority. Their husbands are inevitably dissatisfied. It is from among the balance who do not realize it that the naggers come.

It was a wise man who said that the two greatest commandments in marriage are show affection and show appreciation.

"A woman who does that," someone has pointed out, "cannot be a nag." She will learn to become tolerant of other people, their ideas, their desires, their way of life. A little personal humility in her own nagging will eliminate the potential urge to nag.

picture

CAVALCADE







QUIZ

Conducted by Bernard Colman

This Quiz is to help you to discover whether you are fitted for your present job. It is most important for the physical and psychological health of a person that he should have the sort of job that best fits him. If you can give free, rapid to a desired position as an honest answer to these questions, you are in the job most suitable to you. If between fifty and eighty per cent are not very happy but could improve yourself in that job if you tried.

If you give less than fifty points, it is that you thought of changing, (a) either your job, or (b) your consideration towards that job. In any case, the answers to the questions will help you understand these considerations better perhaps than you do at present.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Do you work too hard? Or would you say you are workaholic? 2. Do you wake up alert first thing in the morning? 3. Or is your head "woozy" and hazy? 4. Do you work eagerly? Or get there as late as possible? 5. Do you stretch tall as your left? 6. Do you feel "fit" on most working mornings for as real relax and "good" on Sunday? 7. Do you hear Maudsley? | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 7. Is weekday your only holiday? 8. Do you spend half your wage packet drinking to celebrate payday? Buy yourself some little extra or a present for someone else or just save your money? 9. Do you feel or defend your boss, for no reason you can think of, except that he is your boss? 10. Do you enjoy your annual holiday? Make an excuse to delay leaving it? Want to rush back to work before holidays are over? |
|--|--|

ANSWERS

1. You work too hard because you consciously feel guilty about work: if you relaxed, you might not want to get on with the job, resulting in clashes with the boss. It is an extreme as being workaholic, where you are honest enough to admit that you don't like work but get himself enough to maintain your dislike with the job you are at present doing.

In either case there is a fear of the job itself. The first covers up such associations (playing truant from school—getting beaten from teacher or parent if discovered), the second, reluctance to face up to life as represented by the job. You want to change your job, or take the "happy mania" by making the job as representing a way of life, which you can enjoy just as far as you want let yourself!

Take five points for the first, which is a slight improvement on the second. Ten points if you think you have the "happy mania".

2. Take ten points if you wake up alert first thing in the morning. You are ready for your job, and are happy to anticipate getting down to it.

If the second, the "woozy" and hazy feeling is due to the fact that your mind is trying to slow you up and keep you off the job, because you don't like it and are finding a happy at it.

3. Take ten points for the first. You quite can honestly like your job. (The word "honestly" is emphasized, because some people like their jobs but don't know it!)

When you think, by getting into to your job, you ought to be honest with yourself and your boss by giving it up and taking something you do like.

4. It is no wonder to accept that as your job as it is to think you can go through life doing nothing. Some people feel (and sound) very virtuous because they accept life as part of their life. Yes, we all have to work, but we work a far right hander if we like what we're doing.

"Fit" is associated with something you dislike doing but have to—like slavery. No job need be a slave-job, and anyone who goes to work with

this attitude is asking for a nervous breakdown some time or another. You get nothing for this—*not even one point!*

5. If you feel fit on most working mornings it is because you are fighting your job—*break, a real breakdown, with a "Maudsley" illness no one can diagnose.*

This is a warning sign that you are psycho logically not at ease with your job. Better to quit it, however well paid it is, and so avoid future trouble.

Take ten points if you have none of these features.

6. This is really a tradition—"Mondayitis" is a natural aftermath of a festive Sunday, and there is often a great deal of cheerful Monday morning grumbling.

There is no need to be alarmed about this, it is precisely what happens when a child has to go to school on Monday and is really a "carry-over" from weekends, though we don't recognize it as such.

Time to be alarmed is when we take "Mondayitis" seriously, and really do resent going back to work, and really find it hard to get back into stride.

You can take ten points if you are only bluffing, as in the first, but tell your boss if you come to the latter category.

7. This is almost as bad as paying to work because we want of "paid". It is natural to be happy on payday, but it is not natural to go on as if the only happy day comes then.

This is a sure sign that you are just working for the money you can get out of your job, not for the love of the sort of work you are doing. Don't make a joke of this. It is true but true that money isn't everything.

Your family would surely have you cheerful on a pound or two less, than mope on several pounds more. If you accept wage day as an other work day, but a little happier perhaps, take ten points.

(Continued on page 69)

Health C O N S I D E R S

HARMFUL EXERCISE

Too-toughing exercises, often thought to assist in reducing the waistline and toning up back muscles, are now considered to be more harmful than helpful. Hanson gives it that heading to teach the two stretch muscles at the back which are already stretched to fullness by constant sitting down.

Of more purpose are the simple running-on-the-spot exercises, all terminated with plank-ups from wall or table, backstretching exercises and abdominal toning exercises by raising legs from prone position.

Two moderate periods per week of these exercises are likely to do more toward good than daily sessions of the toughest.

ITCH REMEDIES

Sufferers from hives can take new heart now that the causes of itching have been discovered. Hives is a riddle to scientists, it is now known that certain enzyme chemicals released in the body, are the cause of intense irritation suffered by people prone to hives and other itchy skin ailments. The enzymes act by either direct contact with the nerves or by releasing active compounds from the skin cells.

Such responses from animal tissues have been identified as trypsin, chymotrypsin and pepsinase. These three plant growths are renninase, papain, bromelain, ficin and protinase.

Experiments with macestren injected in minute quantities into the human skin, brought about an intense itch lasting for 30 minutes and localized in the area of the injection. This new knowledge of the activities of the enzymes within the skin promises greatly improved itch remedies for sufferers.

BEAT THE HEAT

When the temperature gets too, take notice of the tempo of your dog in the evenings. Most likely he's agitated on the ground and not showing half as much agitation as you.

Recent tests have shown that the coolest layer of air is closest the ground on a calm night. Sensitive thermometers show that the first two and a half inches from the

ground up are cool, rising sharply in temperature at higher levels.

On painless relief, try spawling first on the ground (or floor) and get the advantage of those several cool inches.

BROKEN BONES

The odds are that every member of the population will at some time or another suffer the painful inconvenience of having a bone broken in some part of the body. Most common fractures are those occurring in the upper arm, or in the bones of the wrist. These fractures can be readily treated as the doctor's surgery but not to the more complicated cases arising out of major accidents.

Reasons given for the magnitude of wrist fractures are our high-pressure living with its violent sports, high speeds, and the modern trend for polished floors. Most natural reaction when a person slips on the latter is to throw out a hand to break the fall — possible result, that wrist fracture.

Children at play are ready victims for fractures, but young bones mend relatively easily. Older persons would be wise to have their cars — even bicycles — have permanent and visible deformity.

KIDNEY STONES

One out of 20 kidney stones are caused by the abnormal activity of the parathyroid glands situated near the thyroid gland in the neck. Their purpose is to produce a hormone controlling the distribution of calcium and phosphorus to the body.

Once their balance is disturbed, the parathyroids overwork. Excesses calcium and phosphorus enter the urine — conditions favorable to the formation of kidney stones.

NEW HEART FOR OLD

The substitution of plastic tubes to replace injured heart arteries is not new to medical science. In fact, it is an established practice.

But, the smaller the blood vessels the less chance is there of being able to replace them by plastic or transplanted vessels. Some such small blood-vessels have a bore of less than six-hundredths of an inch and surgery

leads at their replacement.

Surgeons are now speaking about circumventing this necessity by transplanting an entire new heart. Heartbeats, as this may seem, there is good reason to expect, by past experiments, that it will soon become an actuality.

COUGHING AFFECTS BRAIN

Prolonged and vigorous coughing can cause a powerful effect by reducing blood flow to the brain. Coughing puts a squeeze on the chest and the brain and when the attack is sudden enough the brain can become almost bloodless.

Medical men are more likely to water drinking after violent coughing as science has deduced that these men are more prone to developing a cough than their weaker neighbors.

ATOMIC PORK

Ancient religions have forbidden the consumption of pork because that troublesome, the parasitic worm disease transmitted in undercooked pork, was a menace to human health.

Though an effective treatment for the disease has not been found we have learned ways of protecting ourselves from this ailment. Prolonged storage of pork or low temperatures, as well as proper cooking, destroys the troublesome organisms which cause trichinosis and makes pork safe for human consumption.

However, considerable numbers of people are still advised each year through eating pork that has been improperly inspected or handled, or insufficiently cooked.

Now, experiments indicate that atomic science may finally remove traces of the trichinosis worm. Scientists suggest that atomic irradiation can be effectively used to sterilize pork carcasses.

Such irradiation, they believe, would render any lurking trichinosis organisms harmless, provide wholesome pork for the world's diners.

HELP FOR THE HEART

A cousin of the explosive nitroglycerine, called pentaeryth, has proved to be the longest acting drug against attacks of angina pectoris a painful and frequently choking heart disease. Pentaeryth has been tested together with three other long-acting drugs used in the treatment of angina. The condition, caused by deprivation of arteries supplying blood and oxygen to the heart muscle, has been treated for years with nitroglycerine. Pentaeryth, like nitroglycerine, dilates the arteries that nourish the heart, but the lasting action of pentaeryth lasts for five or more hours, while the effectiveness of nitroglycerine ends after 15 to 20 minutes. Pentaeryth also prevented heart-attack relief more day of the other three drugs tested.

CARTOON CAVALCADE



"My wife's over-optimism is tough, so let's remember to stick to our original story."





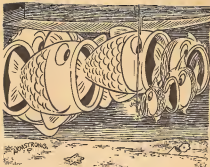
"Looks like Crammell is going to let the boss up for a while."



*"But Mr. Fruster, can't you just TREGG me out like other
jackets do?"*



"Tummy-fee a work, eh? We could use that kind of money around here."



"This being the first time I've ever gone fishing down, do you suppose I might have beginner's luck?"





"Imagined! . . . Two look for checking a hat!"



"As you can see, we use nothing but the finest stuffing!"



"Of course I was standing. You said you were going to shoot me."



"Watch your manners, George!"



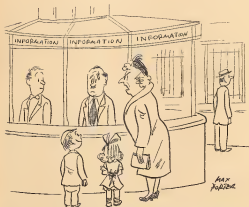
"May I be excused?"



"What do you mean, pick you up at the bus stop? You drove the car to work today, remember?"



GOLDFLEW



"Why didn't you put out the garbage this morning? How come there was five pounds missing from your pay envelope? Where were you until ten o'clock last night? What makes you think YOU know everything? If you're so smart why aren't we rich?"





"Were are the shoes you wanted stretched, Mr. Brown?"



"Of course, I haven't any proof that I often wonder how he got the money to buy me out."





"Our head speaker system is out of order. Would you mind making this little announcement for us?"



"Dinner first."



"BOY?" "Frank?"





Black had it to see the kid all that long. He had him up a couple of times.

Pay-off...

by GEORGE P. MORRILL

Exploiting an enemy's weakness is the strategy of generals. It even pays-off in everyday life.

LARRY CRAWFORD had been aboard exactly ten minutes when Black knocked him cold in the crew mess. It happened this way:

We were tied up at the Texas dock in Mobile, discharging lumber that, a tall kid, took him somebody's old clothes rack, came up the rampplank and dumped his old bag.

"That the George W. Barrett?" he said, looking around at the old fat that was twice as old as he was.

Black's wiped his hands on a rag and tossed it to me. We were taking villages—which means mauling the old in the tanks by

lowering a steel tape into them. The kid was hot and wet and virginal with sweat.

"That's what the letters say on the bow," he said.

"Tally," said the kid, grinning.

"I don't look."

"Well," said Black, slumping the whole screen back in place.

"Maybe you better."

The kid gave me a peered glance. He was handsome—sunny hair, blue eyes, and a clean, unshaven jaw. I tried to get him wise with a frown and a wink. Look, I tried to say, this hairy guy is Frank Black, the national boss on the Atlantic Coast. He's also an ex-roy. Watch out. But

the kid stared back at me like a friendly cow. He was too pretty.

"That is my first trip," he said, with an uncertain laugh. "I'll do a lot of dumb things, I guess."

"You done two already," said Black. "You asked your boss a stupid question. And you dropped your bag as a good ol' oil. Now get the hell out of here."

The kid picked up his bag. He started nodding.

"Over quarters is aft," said Black. "Don't say learn working at Chesapeake Bay."

I watched the bag with my black as he went down the with deck. If I'd been brave or foolish I'd have said, "Aw, lay off the kid,

Roeth" But I only started whispering on the steel tape and whispering on the reel.

"Stop on it," said Blackie. "We get time for coffee."

There were two guys in the new mess. They were Red and Joe, the B.I. guys. They were hunched over their coffee, regular in every Spanish. Blackie thrust his ball back between them.

"Talk American," he said. "If you and American ships talk American talk, we—"

Red and Joe nodded, pale and grimace. "Yes, sure," they said.

Blackie drew a mug of coffee and I followed. We sat down at the deck table and drank and said nothing. After a while, the kid appeared, dressed in a clean khaki shirt and new dunnies. He tapped Blackie.

"Pardon me," he said. "You're the Chief Mate?"

"I'm your boss," said Blackie. "What for me on deck?"

The kid colored. He shifted his feet. "They told me to report to the Chief Mate."

"Wait on deck."

The kid hesitated. Blackie went back to his coffee. I lit a cigarette. When we got to New York they wouldn't have to put me on parole on the gangplank for me.

The kid checked my shoulder. "Where can I find the Chief Mate, please?"

Blackie signed up, his thick fore-arm lightning. "You one of them funny boys?"

The kid's face hardened. A new electricity arched shaded in his eyes. I had the strange feeling that there I was—twenty years ago—a wet-cold made boy, ready to take on anyone if he'd demolished it. Half a dozen newspapers had bought his name some. Oh, this poor kid!

"Is that the way you read it?" he said, starting cold at Blackie.

"When?" The room echoed, then grew still.

"Leave him there," said Blackie, rubbing his fist. "We got them heavily to inspection before supper."

I felt bad about the kid and as we worked the afters I told myself the old story book and that. A big, rugged name named Mister Blackie was going to get his some day and not a good. But whenever I looked up, that tall back was bent over the hawse and those two arms were thrashing around like pythons. He wasn't going to get it from me, that was for sure.

I found the kid in his bunk with a weak check over his jaw.

"How is it now?" I said.

"Leave me alone," he said, closing his eyes.

I sat down on a stool. "I got some bouillon cubes. They're good when you're lousy up."

He opened his eyes. I put out my hand.

"Mister Harry Poole. A-h."

He had a surprising grip—the table view. "I'm Larry Greenberg. Pleased to know you, Mr. Poole."

I gave him the lookdown on Blackie, how he'd beat up a whole crew on the Laura Belle Jackson

before the war, how he'd tried to give a new guy the works for no reason at all.

"I'll was you," I said, "I'd pick up my sea bag and pile off. A tale like this is no place for a starer."

He blinked at me, surprised. That same grey flesh came into his eyes. Oh, this kid! The things he'd be to learn.

"I guess I'll hang on for a trip," he said. He got up and stretched, his stomach out on his chest like a ladder. He looked in the mirror and weighed his jaw. "Hrshh, what a job."

We shared off that night for Aruba, our looking port. There's the trouble with a looker. You have New York. Squares to be back in two weeks. And they put you on a steamer to San Francisco. You board from Aruba to Calcutta to Aruba to San Juan to Aruba to Calcutta. Where . . . and you're sorry.

Blackie got Larry on the bow and worked him out of him. The other guys and me, we carried him as best we could. We heaved the lines in and diked them down. It was dark, but I watched Larry's face in the moonlight. His lips were shiny wet and his lips were stretched open. His necky chest kept going in and out like a broken accordion.

"Am I doing, any?" he whispered.

"Great," I said.

When the star was showed, we hit a proper swell outside Mobile Bay and the deck began to heave. Larry was sick. I followed him off and we lay out against the rail a couple of times. The wind was over. I knew how he felt.

"Hey," I shouted.

He swung around, stumbling himself and around number 2. Blackie.

"There's an empty sack in my lockers," I said.

His eyes rolled, bright with sick-sickness. "Gee, Mr. Poole, that's swell."

I liked him from the start. He was an innocent and ignorant and full of noble ideas as I'd been in the Twenties. For instance, he couldn't get over the way Blackie had picked him.

"Oh, I'm not agreeing about the boys," he said, strong on his knees, a few days later. "It's just the way he did it. I didn't have time to agree or not."

"Listen, boy," I said. "Let me tell you something. There ain't no disagreeing with me here. I'm completely convinced you, let's say, and let with anything you can pick up—except, maybe, ships, anything. Otherwise, hold that."

He looked puzzled.

"And where Blackie's involved," I went on, "he's the better."

He shook his head slowly, like he was sorry that a nice guy like me didn't understand the value of life.

"I couldn't do that," he said. "I just couldn't."

Then he picked up a book called "Gypsyland and General Shanks" and started himself behind it.

Those books were another thing. They'd rubbed out of his sea bag

when I helped him unpack—two dozen of them. "Thatcher's Lives," "Humboldt's Voyages of the Alps,"

"Penny's History of the First World War,"

"What the Hell's all that?" I'd ask.

"History books." He'd grunted and run a hand awkwardly through his yellow hair. "I won the class that time in high school—dilly dollars worth of history books."

We sailed into Westport Pass and the weather grew hot. You could see steam rising from Midt. Larry spent hours basking the rail, staring at the little villages that hung in the coast.

"That," he said. "Dark mysterious land of the mystery Christianity."

"What?" I said.

And he told me about a fat slave named Harri Christopher who bent up Napoleon's arm a long time ago and shook himself Emperor of Haiti. I asked him who he was trying to kill.

"It's in the book," he said. "Look in my locker."

I looked, Larry was right. There I picked up a thing called "Cassini's Guide Wales." It was good and the next day I read it right through. Before long, I was ploughing through those histories like a wheelbarrow in my tale. And Larry was right with me, cheering me on.

"Nothing like it," he said. "Mr. Thomas, our history teacher, said you'd find all the secrets of the future in the lessons of the past."

We began to spend the week-below reading and arguing about power and war and peace and peace. It was a regular history class.

Meanwhile Blackie was pouring it on. He stood his bar early post in our lockers and was so reading.

"What gives?" he said. "Story book?"

Larry looked annoyed. He had stopped reading a book was like a snake at supper—not to be disturbed. "We're studying."

Blackie scratched his steady stubble. He was talkative and the words rolled all over his body like rubber. He gave a heavy laugh.

"Watch out your sea don't blow up, Poole," he said. "It can't hold much."

I didn't say anything.

Larry turned his back—deliberately. That was foolish. Blackie's eyes narrowed.

"Get on deck, Mr. Crawford," he shouted. "I'm Blackie's head checker."

Now, the boat was offwork and wasn't supposed to work. He'd learned that much. What he didn't know was that Blackie checking comes under "safety of the ship" and you have to do it any time they say.

"I'm off watch, Mr. Blackie," he said.

Blackie walked over, yanked Larry's back and waded it through a port. We heard a splash. Larry stood up, white as a cake of soap.

"You'll regret that, Mr. Blackie."

"You'll regret it if you don't obey orders, Mr. Seaborn. Get the hell up there."

Moment of Decision

by LESTER WAY

When his heart had decided on the girl, his mind still couldn't give the green light.

TONY HARRON glanced sideways at the engineer as they walked to the railroad.

Tony was main manager, fully-qualified and capable, but he was also the son of the main-owning class had seen him grow up and take over the management, and now—now Tony felt there was more behind the smile on Main's broad face.

Because the Old Man was sick, and not to be worried, for the first time Tony had no one to lean on and he knew Main was thinking about that position on his weakness.

A truckmaster car passed its way toward the office. It was Dot Vanderford's car and Tony wanted to go back to the office. He wanted to see Dot alone and explain why he hadn't been taking her out. He had wanted to do it for weeks but it was like so many other things, when it came to the point, he didn't do it.

He didn't do it now. He stayed with Main, knowing that Main would handle things, but still, he would think that Tony was doing responsibly. He went on to the railroad, and that went into the office. A crowd of players came up and then he saw Dot leave the office and come to wait him.

The players left the cage, talking together with their deputy. Then Dot saw Tony, and came to stand him as her partner, free, stopping manner. The cigarette in her pointed mouth was the

badge of the last Yearner that she ran with.

Tony's eyes were confident and his lips firm, but only he knew that he was keeping his lips firm with an effort, waiting for something. Inside him, the engineer's face was impressive, and Tony realized that he had never got to know Main very well.

It was his own fault. Main was a good actor, but not Tony. It was the same with the young social set Tony should have belonged to. They looked each other, made plans of each other's expense, knew all about each other's affairs, except Tony's. Whenever this familiarly familiarized Tony, his hands came in like a snail's.

The deputy deputy came toward him, and that moment there was something wrong underground.

Dot was there, and she was waiting. He could go to meet her and pretend he didn't know the deputy wanted him, or he could talk to the deputy and keep Dot waiting, while Main's wealthy legs walked him.

"Hello, Tony?" Dot called. "You're the very man I'm looking for."

The deputy said, "Excuse me, Mr. Harron, but there's—"

"Just a moment, Joe? I won't keep you waiting."

The deputy's face was black with confidence and his eyes held a strained look. He represented the man who worked on the wire, and they were today about having their deputy head off. Nervously

Tony turned to Dot, and with his fingers twisted in her forehead. She was pretty and wealthy and knew nothing about money, or about any kind of deception.

He said, "I'll be busy here for a little while, Dot. How about waiting in the office?"

"Why?" she pointed, laughing at him with her eyes. "Aren't I more important than a money all covered in dirt?"

"But it's some little thing that I can settle in no time."

"Tony! You can settle my head was that? I only want you to help me in a game we're playing. We're seeing who can find the greatest place to have a lunch-party. It's plain of fun, Tony. We've been to some of the worst places, but it's my turn now. I'm going to take them down your stairs, right to the bottom, and give them a lobster salad down there!"

He felt a moment of pity, looking down on her laughing and then. Watching up and up adventures was her substitute for work. Inevitably he despised, not able to reconcile this with his feelings for her.

"I'm not sure it can be arranged," he said. "You should have called the waiter."

"Why?" "Well just go down in that kitchen. You can have packing cases ready to use as tables and chairs, and we'll spread a cloth and bring out the food and drink."

"It's dark, and you'll need lamps, and it's stinky underneath. The walls drip, and besides— You can loan us maybe lamps, and we'll drop in old clothes. Don't be a spoilsport, Tony! I'll be your father would—"

"It's sick, haven't you heard?" More matters came up the shaft. They stood a little distance from the deputy, and then the mine-inspector got out. He was almost as dirty as the miners. The men were crumpling among themselves and the deputy was getting angry.

Whatever was wrong underground, it wasn't serious, but it held the men there, made them brown with concern, important because Tony was talking to a girl. He knew it without them saying it and he also knew he was responsible for the mine and was ignoring the crazy action of mine push the system problems into the background.

"Listen, Tony?" he said. "I have to see what's wrong in the mine. It may be urgent."

He moved uneasily toward the deputy but she caught his sleeve. "You may have to say we can come! I've got to get back to town now. Just say the word, Tony."

"It'll fix it if I can, but—"

"You're a darling, Tony! I know you'll help me out."

She ran toward her car as if it was all settled between them. She wanted to call her back and tell her he had promised nothing but the miners were getting impatient and the deputy was shouting.

"The best are waiting!" he said.

ped. "There's a last ship coming out of the reef in No 3 today. It looks like there'll be a ship of some size."

"That's extra timbers. I'll give the orders right away."

"That's all right, but we're worried about the water. It could be an underground water course breaking through, and the next thing we are might flood the tunnel."

The inspector joined in. The dirt on his face and clothes showed that he had traversed the passage. He said, "The reef is all right, but, Mr. Gordon, it certainly calls for examination."

The sound of the starting bar cut made Tony turn. She gave him a long stare, and he waved back. She was watching with a nervous gaze, remembering that when sometimes like this came up in the past, Tony always replied, "I'll tell the GM when, and we'll do whatever is necessary."

He couldn't give that answer now. He knew the answer, he ought to give, but something held him back. Maybe there was a better way of meeting the danger, a way that would cost a little more now, but would sacrifice less coal, and maybe—

As long as he could remember, his father had always answered

to help him, showing him a better way, or an easier way, taking decisions out of Tony's hands. Tony hadn't realized that his power to make up his own mind had gradually become paralyzed. He didn't understand it now, but he held back on the very point of making a decision, afraid that it might be a wrong decision.

"The boys don't want to work on No 3 till they're sure," the deputy said. "They think you ought to transfer them to another section."

"And I agree with them," the inspector put in. "I want to watch No 3 for a while. I'll get every thing ready to sail it out if it starts flooding. In the meantime, why not transfer that crew to No. 3?"

That was the very solution Tony intended but he felt a dash on his face as he nodded and gave the necessary instructions.

He turned toward the office, but the man who'd called, Harry Buckman, came after him, and stopped him. Buckman spoke for the officers' Lodge. He was a short, stocky man with a powerful body, without type, and a hard-looking mouth.

"We heard what that empty-headed girl said, and—"

"That was Miss Vandford?" Tony

steepled "She's a dound of mine."

He was getting their heads up again. It always happened that way. Buckman's manner held defiance and it made Tony feel uncomfortable.

"I don't care who she is! We don't want her bringing a party of people underground to gawk at all. You saw the sea!"

"They won't bother you," Tony said hotly. "They just want a crummy luncheon party underground."

"Crummy? Yeah, they must be crummy. A gentleman's no place for luncheon! Keep them above ground!"

"You don't even the mine, Buckman! If I chose to invite some friends down the mine, it's none of your business!"

"We'll see!" Buckman said. "Your old man would of told that lastly where to put!"

There it was again! Tony's father never had much trouble with the men, he understood them and he spoke their language. But Tony couldn't do that. He had to hold himself aloof, talk down at them, arouse their hostility.

"I won't have your luncheon, Buckman!" he was saying. "When you speak at my friends, speak respectfully!"

"And we won't have them down



been making fun of us? Take them to the coast! Let them have their party with the boys!"

Buckman sweat off angrily, and Tony went to his office. It was time to go home now, but he slumped in his chair and thought about Dot, Vanzand, and Joe, and the crowd of idlers with whom Dot spent her time.

Buckman was right about them. They were unemployed and irresponsible. They had too much money, and not enough to do. They was as much as most of them, but he was doing a job. That was why he had stopped taking Dot to their parties. The noise, the silly pranks, the backslapping familiarity, made him ashamed to be seen with them, afraid he would be classed as one of them. This was what he wanted to explain to Dot, that she was spoiling herself, running around with these loafers.

He didn't want them at the mine. He didn't want them to go underground. Buckman's catchword was one thing, his embarrassment of the company that kept was another, but his own indignation never had kept still with his pride.

Stealing himself for an argument, he picked up the telephone and called her number. Her mother answered in a tired drawl, but had come back from the mine, but had changed her clothes and come out. There was no telling when she'd get home.

He could have given her the message, should have made it clear that his weekly command to her was, "Be thoughtful of others in the morning before he went to the office, but he knew she'd still be asleep.

He went to the office and sat tied up in routine work. It was eleven o'clock before he remembered to call Dot.

"Is that you, Tony?" Mrs. Vanzand said. "They're all on their way to the mine now. And you should see the crowd! Billy Langley Blackened his face to look like a bruiser, and he's got rubber boots, and —"

That was more than Tony had wanted to hear. The fools were crowding the mine, they'd as soon be there where there were working, ridiculing them. He could only guess at the outcome.

The party arrived late eleven in a motor parade, the men dressed in khaki uniforms, the girls in old styles and sweaters. They dragged hampers down their cars and came singly to the office, filling it with chatter and laughter. Billy Langley clumped "Tally on the back and shouted, "Good old Anthracite! Not such a sour puss, after all!"

Tony signed down with an effort, "Yes, Tony?" Dot asked.

"I didn't say you could go underground," I tried to phrase you to call it off!"

"That Tony? You said you'd sit down in? You can't spend our fun away!"

"The miners don't like it. They think you're going down to sleep at them and make fun of them.

There'll be trouble if I take you down!"

"Heaven, we're on strike!" Billy Langley yelled. He punched around the office, shouting, "We won't work! We won't work! We won't work! And never will!"

"Hold up, you fools!" Tony snapped. "You've been on strike ever since you were born!"

"That's what I said, but this is the first time I've worn the miners' caps!"

"No good!" Dot shouted at them.

She stood close to Tony and her forehead wrinkled up profoundly. A double appeared at the corner of her mouth. "You should've said my husband's party, Tony! You can take us to a part of the mine where there aren't any men working. We won't bother the miners."

He should have refused but doing so would have spoiled her enthusiasm. He didn't want to do that. Instead, he tried to tell her of the goodness of a coalminer, how every miner knows when he goes underground, that he may never see the sun again. At any other time, along with him, she would have listened, but the game was important. Billy Langley was threatening to "march on the pithead."

Dot tamed her head. "If it's like that it needs something to brighten it up and that's what we've got! Come on!"

They all made for the pithead and Tony traded after them. He felt helpings and ridicules trailing after the crowd. He was the man-manager, he could determine who was to go underground, but these people had determined it for him, and against his will.

The cage was at the pithead and the winding-driver was in his cabin, hands on the levers. As he watched the crazy procession approaching he left his cabin and hurried the way to the cage.

"Nothing doing!" he growled. "If you want to play the fool, do it above ground!"

"Tony!" Dot whirled around, "Aren't you the boss? Order him out of the way!"

Tony said, "He's all right, Jernson! I'll go down and see that they don't bother anybody!"

"It ain't all right with me, Mr. Jernson. If they want to go eight miles in the mine, they haven't come to dress up like it was a fancy-dress ball! If they think they can run our mines in the day!"

"They're friends of mine, Jernson! They didn't know you'd take their hats the wrong way!"

"They know now! Let 'em have their fun somewhere else!"

Billy Langley shouted, "Well, in all of you! Push that big-headed boss out of the way! I'll work the mine!"

Langley dived into the cabin, and Jernson cursed and rushed at him.

"Don't touch these controls!" Tony yelled.

"Think I can't work this and get?" Langley laughed. "You'll I'll show you!"

But Jernson reached him before he could pull a lever. Jernson was a middle-aged man, but he got a grip on Langley's arm. "Just make him cry out in pain. Putting his feet against Langley's back, he sent him staggering away."

He pulled himself up two feet from Tony. Under the pithead's spotlight, his face was white. His lips were trembling in anger.

"What are you going to do, Tony? Will you stand for that?" Dot asked. "Where is your authority? Do you let these fools run the mine?"

Before he could answer the telephone on the cabin rang, and Jernson switched it up. His voice was urgent, "Think! I'll send the cage down for you!"

"What is it?" Tony asked. "Anybody hurt?"

"The roof slipped in No. 3, and there's a stream of water coming into the tunnel. Carter is coming up to see you and Mr. Sloan."

"I gave Carter his orders last night. If there's danger of flood-

ing, he says the pumps can handle it if it doesn't come any deeper. He's . . . Hey! Get out of the cage, you —"

He let off the cage before it was uttered but there was no doubting his anger. And it was Dot who was leading the crowd into the mine!

"Now see if you can stop on down going down!" she cried half in fun, half in anger. "If you send the cage down for that man, we'll go with it!"

Billy Langley had made a list of himself by going to take control, and that hadn't kept Tony, but now it was Dot Vanzand! He had never believed she really belonged to this company, but this showed she'd certainly see things his way.

But when Dot whooped and led the gang into the cage, leaving the driver either to lead them underground against his best interest, or hold the cage idle when the safety of the mine depended on it, that Tony's nerve sagged. He forgot himself, forgot everything except his anger.

"You pushed down there, the faces of miners might be in danger, while a few wealthy devils hold everything up!" "That's wrong!" Tony ordered. "I'll get them off!"

Langley guffawed, scoffing, "Look at our brave manager! He's about to burst a blood vessel!" Tony brought his fist up with all his force, and it cracked on to Langley's jaw.

Langley crumpled, and fell to the floor. Tony ordered the other men to drag him out, moving on them as he gave the order. They bent down and dragged.

Two girls scurried out but Dot remained where she was. Her face was pale but her eyes were sharp, dominating him.

"Hurry get down! Go ahead! See how it feels to —"

He grappled her arm to force her out, and she slapped his face. He twisted her arm suddenly, forcing it behind her back. He flung her

Run with



"Run away with me," he said. "It's the only way." But he knew he'd always be running . . .

JOE DOYLE felt sweat on his forehead and wanted to wipe it away. Instead he sat heavily in the chair and studied the mustard-colored wall paper. The room smelled of dirty clothes and stale cigarette smoke.

"See what I mean?" Doc Kessen said. "Now you see what I mean!"

Outside a car coughed and spluttered as someone tried to turn the motor over.

"I got cars," Doyle said him. "Karl's been a bad boy. He can't be allowed to get away with it. But I'm no parent, Doc."

"You work for the outfit," Kessen said evenly. "You get your assignment."

Doyle felt all tied up inside. Not that he liked Karl much. That wasn't the point. Slowly he ran

the tip of his tongue over his lips. Then he announced slowly, "Tell the boss to wait me out. Like I said, I'm no parent."

He felt relieved to have come out so the open. But almost immediately his nerves jerked that. He felt dangerous under his arm-pits.

Doc sucked in his breath and a chest creased as Mike Gangle shifted his bulky frame. Doyle knew he wasn't willing them a thing; life closed his eyes.

Mike said softly, "You ain't out of anything, Doyle."

Doyle pushed back his chest and stood up. Laying his fingers behind his neck, he stretched, trying to appear casual. "I got an answer for that. Joe Doyle makes his own mind." He reached for his coat.

"You know what that means?" Doc Kessen asked.

Doyle swung around slowly. He looked hard at Mike, whose small eyes were turned in hot checks, his big hands folded across his stomach. He looked at Doc Kessen, with his slick black hair and thin angular features.

Doyle asked himself how he'd ever got into this.

Not that he didn't know. A guy wanted money, a lot of fast money. Wanted there so bad he didn't stop to argue with his conscience. It seemed an easy way to get it, operation for the outfit: Money, collection from the punk who needed protection. He'd even almost convinced himself it was just another business, like any other. Only it paid better.

Me...



by WILL COTTON

But it was deeper than that. A lot of Jews want money. Worse than he, maybe. But they leave their wife ways and ways, and they'd go hungry before they'd tie up with the outfit. Because the outfit meant murder. Even when you just did collecting it meant that you couldn't go on looking yourself very long.

"Sure, Doc," Doyle said evenly. "I got a good imagination. I know what this can mean."

He went out, slamming the door.

As he went down the stairs, the foot boy had been trying to control himself to take full possession. He increased his pace, so that by the time he reached the hallway he was running. He checked himself, forcing his legs to a walk.

The cold late afternoon wind whipped around him and seeped in under his coat.

He wasn't getting involved in murder.

He'd sunk deep enough already. But killing was different. He couldn't go through with that. But he knew that in walking out on Doc and Mae he was showing the barrel of a loaded gun against his very temple.

It's always too late, he thought, drawing in a breath of cold air that made his chest suddenly ache. When you figure the angles, you're in as deep as you can't ever get out.

When he came to the corner of Rockton Street, he stopped and used the phone booth.

A girl's voice answered almost

immediately. "Hello there, lover man."

Maybe could almost see Le's brown eyes smiling at him under her long lashes. Mae Aggers gripped the receiver tightly. "Hi, and sorry, 'Lo, I'm going to be late."

He heard her sigh of disappointment. "Not too late?"

"Very late," he told her. "Maybe not at all tonight. Butter find yourself something to do."

"I want to see you, Joe."

"I want to see you, too, Lo. But I got things to do. I got a lot of things to do."

He hung up there and went out to the street. The wind was blowing from across the back yard. He turned up his collar and wondered if he'd be speaking to Le again, ever. A Bell telephone began to

He thought, Rhoda Rowe didn't have to die. Not if Doyle had got there quick enough. He'd disabled the gun. Not enough to wound him seriously, but enough so it didn't matter now he was dead.

It came to Doyle then that he had to get away. He loosed the light switch as he scrambled out of the bathroom. The effect sounded ominously loud as he plunged the room into darkness. He went on through the bedrooms into the hallway that still smelled of old smoking. He felt the gun weighing down his coat pocket.

He reached the footpath, feeling strangely the harsh cold constricting his skin. A gust of wind beat the breath out of his chest. He moved a few paces, then looked over a doorway, straining to listen.

It was then he first heard the oncoming of a siren rising above the roar of the wind. Doyle hurried the police of his coat up around his chest. He waited while the police car crept around the corner and looked before the place had just left.

He still didn't know what it meant. Perhaps, if he had, he'd have broken into a run and tried to get away. And that might have been a mistake. Instead, he found he was breathing easier and he knew he couldn't stay hidden in that doorway. He moved out and began walking away. When he came to Rovers Avenue he found a cab. He couldn't go back to his room, not with Doc and Alice after him.

"Where to, bud?" the driver asked.

He gave the driver Le's address. That was bad. He'd have to figure something else out. He didn't want to wind up in a hospital.

He was trying to concentrate, figure it out, while the cab stopped.

"This is your place," the driver said.

Doyle tried to leave. Tried to say something. His tongue was thick.

"Here, you got a lead on," the driver said.

Then, miraculously, Le was there, talking softly to the driver, and Doyle had to wait again and he felt his feet dragging across the sidewalk bricks as he heard Le saying, "He'll be all right now, driver. I can handle him."

Doyle tried harder to make his legs work, and they obeyed after a jolt. Then there were lights again and warmth and the fragrance of Le's hair as he bent over him. "You sure got your self beat up, lover man," she said. "Let's face it, you're not going to be much use until we get you patched up."

He felt he ought to say something. His tongue was thick and his head was swimming again.

"Let's leave it. I've got much to do," Doyle told her. . . .

When Doyle awoke the sun was streaming through the curtained window. The bed still hurt but he threw back the bed covers, and she was brought into his life the better.

stretched, feeling the circulation returning. He was still weak and lops in the head, but he had a lead anyway.

In the shower he turned the water on hot, playing there a long time, until his skin was flushed. Then, not cold. He dried himself briskly and knotted the towel around his waist. When he came out, Le was in the kitchenette. He wanted coffee and something to eat.

He felt suddenly that he needed her badly. He went over to her on bare feet, took her shoulders in his hands and gently swung her around facing him. He bent his head forward and found her mouth. He felt the tremor of her body against his and her warm, moist lips seemed to be saying something important. He held her, not wanting to leave go, until suddenly she broke away.

"The ladies will leave," she said bravely.

"We'll stay some more."

She shook her head, sending black hair swirling about her temples. "You're not even decent."

"It's all how you look at it," he suggested.

Yet he saw something deep and troubled in her eyes and he blamed himself, knowing she was worried about him. He dropped and by that time she had breakfast on the table. He sat down, avoiding her gaze but conscious of her every movement while he ate.

She poured him another cup of coffee before she spoke. "Lover man, you got trouble" she said, "but you can always climb out if you want to."

He said impudently, "We lead my own card, Le."

He caught the hint that showed in her eyes. She said, "You're drinking from a marked deck. No one has to get beat up the way you did. Unless—"

"Unless what?" His voice was sharper than he intended. But he didn't want her to go on. The

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She shrugged. "Skip it." Taking a cigarette, she tapped it lightly on the table. "I had a feeling from the start that this would never work out. That there was something terribly wrong. There's always been a part of you I couldn't reach. And this more I took the more I sensed that if I ever did reach it, I wouldn't like what I found."

Boyle didn't know what to say. But he couldn't blame her. She'd discovered his polioemias, and there wasn't any way out. No use protesting. Because she'd see through his lies. "He did back his chair and stood up. "I'll be home, Lo. It was just one of those things."

"Just one of those things," she repeated. "It sounds better in the past. It has a good tone."

Lo went into the bedroom and found his coat. The hand was beginning to throb again and he felt the end of everything closing about him.

She was still sitting at the table, staring her coffee away as he went out, opening the door on Lo for good. Still, he'd made peace with Lo now. He'd spent a lot of money lately. Too much. Now he'd put it away and after a while he'd light out for the south. You could live there cheap, and he'd forget Lo just as she'd forget him. Easy as cutting out your own heart.

"You got chicken," Doc said coldly. "The boss don't like it."

Boyle looked into the mirrorless eyes. "I wasn't feeling good. But that's over."

"You could feel worse. You got chicken now, you can get chicken again."

"That's a chance you got to take. But I won't."

Doc spread the napkin of his hand while on the table. "Listen, Boyle. You're just a little punk. Why the hell should we give you another chance? It don't make sense."

"There's that bumrap about you. The cops would like to know who put that hole in him."

He was weighing Doc's thick lips. He didn't like the smile that crept over them. Or the show when he began to talk. "About that," Doc said. "The cops know. They're not looking for a boy named Boyle. And they'll find him."

"But this Boyle knows the right answers?"

Doc's grin stayed on. "Could be. But he won't give them. He'll keep them all safe and quiet be cause of his girl friend. You wouldn't want anything to happen to Lo, would you? She's real high class and you wouldn't want her wasted, is?"

Wary above blood to Boyle's tongue. He brought his right up and moved forward. Moved toward the gun that suddenly appeared in Doc's hand.

"A weakie," Boyle said.

Boyle didn't stop. He stuck out, bringing his shoulder in to beat the blow. He heard the gun go off, like a sudden explosion that tore at his ear drums, just

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ENZ 36

DECORATE WITH CONCRETE

Features and full article gives YOU the KNOW-HOW

The World's HOUSE & GARDEN

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If you are a drinker, you know how much misery it causes. It is the cause of many diseases. It is the cause of many deaths. It is the cause of many suffering. It is the cause of many misery. It is the cause of many death.

as his fingertips smashed into Doc's mouth. He was squeezing his teeth, watching the amusement in Doc's face disappear into blindness when another sharp pang cut across him.

He started the gun in Doc's hand, twisted it free and spun around. Max was in the doorway, ready to dive again.

Boyle moved. He tripped and a hole opened up in Max's forehead.

Nerves caught Boyle. He'd never killed before. He turned away, hearing the sound of Max's body hitting the floor. As he stumbled to the door he only half saw Doc still sprawled on the chair behind the table.

He was pulling at the marble door when he remembered Doc still lived. He hadn't noticed anything by killing Max. He'd better go back and finish the job he'd started.

Not there was the big boss. He remembered Earl Brown. Earl had only tried to walk on a little drunk. What had happened to Brown would happen to him. The boss wouldn't let Boyle get away with that killing.

And there was Lo. They knew about her! He had to run. . . .

Boyle punched vigorously at Lo's red buttons, three rapid jabs. He faintly heard the glass tinkle up above. Then he turned against the wall a light, snoring, snuggled, breathing heavily, until the clicks started coming.

He tore open the inside door and ran up the stairs. His heart was pumping wildly. His whole body seemed strange—as if it belonged to someone else.

Lo stood framed in the door, an apron tied around her narrow waist. "We're finished, lover man," she said quickly. "I told you that. Now be good and leave me alone."

Boyle shoved her back inside and followed her.

She turned to drop him, lips vined against her dead white skin. Her four fingers began playing with the ruffie of her apron.

He strode over to the window and looked down into the alley with its whitish snow and faded red brick walls. The fire escape was coated with ice.

"Don't pack your things, Lo. We're putting out."

She coughed her breath. "I like it here."

He swung her around. "Do like I say? We haven't got night time." I stopped at the bank. Not much cash, but I'll do. There's a place waiting at midnight."

"So we run. Give a place. It's a dramatic one, Joe, but a few hours too late. I've got no reason to go with you, lover man. None at all." The bitterness in her tone was like a lash.

He said desperately. "We love each other, Lo. It's the only way we can live it."

She said softly. "I did love you once. Sure. But it's all over. It's dead, like a bomb wiped out. She stood facing him, straight and too bright-eyed. He grabbed her to him and held her as close as he felt her breath on his cheek.

"It doesn't feel like that. Lo. It can't."

"Let me go." She struggled to break away.

"Listen, you don't understand. They'll be after you, too. They know about us. We got to get away."

She still didn't seem to understand. He tried on, trying to make her see. "I killed a man, Lo. I had too. He'd have killed me otherwise, but now the boss is out trying to kill me."

"It's dead, lover man. We can't bring it back. You run away, if you have to alone."

Boyle wanted to kiss her. His whole body yearned for her with a white hot need that drove all else before it. But he let his arms drop and Lo pulled away.

"How can you be so sure, Lo?" he asked slowly. "That she's dead, like you say?"

She went over to a chest and sat down. Her lips were tight.

ing. "It's easy, lover man. You just won't let the guy I tell you. You never were."

He looked at his watch. Ray's hand over his was forehead. The tear came back, suddenly. In all its naked arrangement, that it wasn't given by was most afraid of. It was looking Lo. He slumped down on the sofa, let his head rest in his hands. Dearest was a cold and heavy weight within him.

"I wanted the death," he said slowly. "I figured I could get it quick with the boys. And I did all right. A business deal, that's all. Nothing too damn bad. It could have gone on that way, but they tried to work me in on a killing. I wouldn't go for that."

"You don't win by running away."

He glanced at her and saw the heat of vision that had entered her features. "The other answer is a man in the bank. And they know about you, Lo."

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She sighed. "You got a blank spot, lower man. You don't see the reality of things. If you start running, you'll keep running forever. You won't be able to stop this couldn't say, the that."

He said irritably, "You want me to go to the cops. That's what you want."

She nodded slowly. "Angry, he asked, "You think we could enjoy ourselves taking between hands?"

"No. But when you were finished with that, we could. Only then."

"That might be a long while. Too long."

"We get to take that chance. I can wait—if I have to."

"You don't have to. If you'll come with me we won't have to worry."

"I said I can wait."

Meanwhile she was creeping through her again. He started rubbing a hand along his thigh. The banner rang.

"Would that be, Lo?" he asked, springing to his feet.

"The not expecting anyone?"

She got up, starting to answer. Doyle ran forward, caught her hand and swung her around, feeling her. She said sharply, "Don't answer. G. Lo. I know who it could be."

Doyle poked his neck. He had to fight himself to keep from going to pains. He thought Lo was right. If he ran away it would always be like this. Every bell as an enormous terror. Because the hour would follow him. There could be no hiding. There's always somebody waiting for a man who runs away.

He ran over to the closet and took a coat from a hanger. He thrust it over to Lo, who stood as if frozen in the centre of the room. He threw the coat over her shoulders and then went and brushed her cheek with his lip.

"Go down the fire escape," he directed. "I'll follow. If we get separated, I'll see you later. Some place."

She didn't want to leave. He pushed her toward the window.

He waited until she'd reached the ground and was walking along the sidewalk.

Then before he heard a sudden muffled crash and then the stamp of feet on the stairs.

He moved out, as to the fire escape. Legs down and head gliding he began descending.

He was almost down the escape when the door came, sharp and dry sounding as the still cold air.

He made another stop, slipped on a wet rung, was sliding to the ground. He felt pain in his shoulder and then he was slumped head against the pavement from the strap's weight. He came up on one knee, remembering the gas had seared in Tom's place, and heavy in his coat pocket. He pulled it out with a slow, careful movement, clamping his teeth to either hand to keep the pain from finding his brain.

Above, high on the escape, he made out Doc Kessen getting ready to fire again. Another pain was tearing from the open window.

Doyle thought, if Doc and that man came down, they might go after Lo.

He wasn't much with a gun. It was a long time since he'd been on the range with the army, and it was a long shot.

Another bullet slammed into him. He rocked back, staggered, then triggered as Doc started coming down. He fired three shots before Doc's arms flew up and he pushed forward off the life escape.

The other man disappeared from the window.

Doyle stood up unsteadily. He began sliding down the alley in the opposite direction to the way Lo had taken, leaving a thin trickle of red in the dirty snow. Then the car came rushing toward him.

He staggered out into the street and wound his arms. He broke something and the car reversed and skidded to a halt. A cap opened the door and ran over to him. Doyle thought, Someone must have phoned in an alarm. He said hoarsely, "There's a girl out got to find. She needs help."

"Man, you need help yourself!"

"He's okay. Find the girl."

There were no cars in the hospital. Lo came and sat with him and told him what had been in the papers. There, with his help, the cliff had been broken, even though the team had crept.

Doyle smiled. The lawyer had said, with his furring staff's evidence, it might not be too long a sentence.

Now he said, "I got to hand it to you, Lo. You're better than any cop alive. You make the bad guy love himself."

He saw her eyes flash. She was looking right at him, and her red lips seemed to be smiling, even though they hadn't moved. "Lower man, let's just leave it as figured out what was best for each other."

For the first time, he really believed him. For the first time, as she took his hand, he felt maybe he might turn out to be the kind of guy she thought he could be.

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CONTROL THAT IMPULSE

(Continued from page 9)

ruptly, but rather, you should be able to effectively control your mental processes and emotions within certain pre-determined limits.

There are other human feelings which couldn't be created from a discussion on analysis and that is "personal pride". Everyone takes a certain amount of pride in what they are, how they behave or conduct themselves and in the way they do things.

Possibly nothing can upset or annoy us more quickly or effectively than direct criticism of something in which we take pride.

If you are such a person, who always places personal pride over any criticism, even if justified, then you almost certainly will harbor grudges. And the grudge is a prime example of selfishness. Remember the definition: "a desire to inflict pain or suffering" on some other person?

The grudge-bearer has control of that desire. At some future time he's going to make someone else "sorry for what he did to me". Somewhere or other he must get square for some hurt—perhaps it was real, perhaps imagined, or maybe a well-deserved kick to false pride. Holding grudges against other people is mentally unhealthy.

Far better to forget the grudge idea of revenge later, which is a negative action, anyway. In fact, that's exactly what all the aspects of modern psychiatry—behaviorism, psychoanalysis, Gestalt, etc.—aim at. Any mentally healthy, normal person should be strong enough to take positive action.

What is positive action? How do you go about taking it? Firstly, track yourself by past, present and future experiences to recognize a situation. This particular situation is one which, depending on how you behave, could leave you open to mental breakdown.

Secondly, evaluate the situation. Get the whole situation into its proper perspective and appreciate it for what it's worth.

Thirdly, be big enough, in character, to be able to pass over a job at personal pride without having to make an issue of it. Absorb defeat, rather than bury words and heated gestures, can often turn a situation to your favor.

Finally, learn to enjoy at the right time. The right time is when you can do something relevant about the worry. And avoid as strictly as you can depressive moods; control yourself from falling into the depression which can keep you in a state of mental confusion.

If you keep your mind in character like that at those times when you and yourself in a confused or emotional situation, you need have no fear that some subtle impulse will take control of your feelings.

PSYCHOLOGY QUIZ ANSWERS

(Continued from page 17)

1. If you work well every day, but slacken off on payday, because you feel the holiday spirit like, take only five cents—you are cheating your boss!

2. If you need to drown your job in drink, then you'd better change it—the "celebration" is only a cover for your dislike of the job.

You can take the points if you buy yourself a little wine, but this really means that you feel you must compensate yourself for a task you don't really like.

You can take seven points with a better conscience if you buy a present for someone

else, because the idea behind this gesture, whether or not you know it, is to show that you are being "good" in keeping to your job and you want the other person to approve!

If you save your money all the time, you are up against a tricky point: you are making the job pay for the rest of your time, and you like to feel that it is fulfilling something, but whether you are enjoying the job because you like the work or because of the money, is another matter.

We'll concede five points, because you ought to relax by an occasional burst of enjoyment—and appreciate your job being so much!

3. If you hate or dislike your boss without reason, change your job. He represents the job, and it is the job you hate, but

1. SYNONYMOUS TERMS

Memory and Pelmanism

Memory is woven into the fabric of every effort, mental and physical, it is the very texture of emotional experience.

It gathers and stores knowledge from books and from the senses of all the senses. It provides the mass of knowledge and experience which is the foundation of worldly wisdom and from which the material for sound judgment is drawn.

PELMANISM gives the power of quick and exact recollection—recollection at the time it is needed at what has been read, said, heard or done—and of ideas that have come to the mind on previous occasions.

PELMANISM gives the power to remember at the time when he has yet to be done and to remember dates, prices, figures for all purposes, appointments, visits and the numerous little things which, when completed, help to make each day a happy and successful one.

PELMANISM explains the theory of memory but it goes the emphasis

on carrying and training so that devices and memory habits are replaced by accuracy in logic, precision in thought and certainty in action.

The Pelmanist is helped in all that is stated and applied in the above by the comments on his work. He systematically accumulates a glossary of expression which adds to his strength with his associates.

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your Unconscious won't let you think so. The Boss represents the slave-master, the job therefore becomes slavery, and you a slave.

You are building up dangerous neuroticisms, during an outbreak of which anything can happen — you can fall towards or just become "It." Change your job promptly.

If you like your boss because you think of him as a fellowman, take him private, because you like your job. A boss and a job are closely associated. You can't like one without the other. If you like the job, but not the boss, the thing is only temporary—the danger point is still there, bent to change your job.

10 It is natural to enjoy your annual holiday, and you can

take ten points for this. If you consciously putting it off, you may think that as business you lose your job — it isn't yours just yet so need to it that you feel lost away from it and have become an unobtainable business.

If you take your holiday and then want to return it and rush back to your job, this is (a) no previously indicated business because you're "married" to your job, or, (b) because you think your boss will find you are not indispensable, either all.

In other case, you give yourself an anxiety neurosis, and it at time you stand down on your job — enjoy it thoroughly but don't "marry" it, it will be there when you have had your relaxation!

Quick Quips

A survey reports that one woman in three has cracked stock market prices. This finding is being double-checked daily by three men out of four.

"So, you're Kelly's husband?" said the visitor with some surprise. "I'm not," quipped the husband. "I've been taking some temporary leave."

Behind every successful man there's a woman—and she usually catches him.

Sunday afternoon at the beach and his eyes were wandering. A blonde of Venus proportions drifted by and the wife snapped: "Him? I'd like to see his kitchen sink. I bet it's well-stocked too."

One nice thing about money is that it never leaves clothes with any outfit you're wearing.

Not that he was thinking of buying it, but the \$5000 tag on the Old Major set our character thinking. "That's a lot of money," he mused. "—and for only one coat of paint, too."

I've got a cousin twice removed on my place and a mother-in-law we'll never be able to remove.

She was carrying an at great length about her dog, a big ugly mongrel. "He's just like one of the family," she concluded.

Actually, her "banger" chipped in with, "Which one?"

It's better to be a second husband to a widow than a first.

They were returning home one beautiful night after an expensive day's shopping.

"Oh, what a lovely moon," she sighed.

"Yes," he replied absently. "How much?"

Then go on cruises for the big bag, give go on cruises for the banking.

"No," she reported. "I didn't enjoy myself at the convention—but I kept my husband from having fun."

"Tell me, John, who is the boss of your place?"

"Well, honestly, my wife's to be done about the children, the servants, the dogs and the parrot—but I any pretty much what I like to the garden."

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